Of misrules contending/with gods worde by name. And then/of ones Judgment/that heard of the same.

I heare saie, that some saye, ther chaunsed of late
Betwene one madmisrule, & goddes word great hate
The cause of there out fall (as some saye) is this
By here saye, I harde it, now marke what it is

This misrule, was moued, and madde in his mynde
That goddes worde with great men, such grace should still finde
Wherby as an out casle he myght be reiecte
Thys some say, and here saye, to be the effecte.

But douting where all things, whyche some saye were ryght
Sith some saye, by here saye, a lye spred be myght
I sought, and harde some saye, they did it beholde
By whose wordes of credit, my doutes were resolued

But now to my purpose, agayne for to come
This misrule, through madnes, at last frynds had some
Of whome he gat comforte, as it maye well seme
His boldnes well wayed, who would not so deme.

And beyng in fauor, at laste well was he
That could vnto misrule, from good order flee
Who lost not ther labor, as some saye for that
But were well estemed, and had, I harde what.

That gods worde muche lothing, could it not abyde
But stepped fourth boldly, and misrule defied
Wysshing from misrule, all men to refrayne
As from a thing noysome, to vile, and to vayne.

But misrule that hearyng, beganne for to starte
Lyke one that were bered, and that to the harte
As it well aperethe, by his subtil shyft
Who so well can ponder, the truth of his dryft.

He knew well, he could not, goddes worde well withstond
To mete hym as men do, that fyght hand to hand
But sought his fetch farder, by couler to craue
And so vnder couler, goddes worde to depraue.

But now if in conscience, speake frely I maye
In myne I digresse not, from that whyche some saye
If misrule maynrayned be, and seke to ascend
In this casle I doute muche, but mark well the ende.

What regions to Ruyn, hath there not bene brought
Where misrule was chosen, and good rule vnsought
Weales publick full welthy, to nought brought it hath
For misrule to mischiefe, must nedes be the path.

What caused gods wrath, all flesche to distroye
Saue onely .viii. parsons, with olde father Noye
But for that this misrule, gods worde did deface
And moued that all men, misrule should imbrace.

In Sodom and Gomor, suche lyke stryfe began
Betwene this madde misrule, and gods worde: but than
Could god longe abide it, when he in his fume
With sulphire and brimston, misrule dyd consume.

His owne Jewish people, as ofte as they ranne
A maddyng with misrule, wyth plages God beganne
To lerne vs that misrule, he alwayes did hate
And yet (alas) se you, how he playth chek mate.

By misrule the subiectes, be so far past grace
Theyr heddes and their rulers, they know not in place
But lyke to beastes brutall, with vngodly strife
As rebelles resyst wyll, wyth losse of their lyfe

What law is so strayt made, they feare not to breake
What threat can suche tounges stoppe, they feare not to speake
What doctrine can dryue them, to know what they be
What mysshief may moue them, that onely they se.

What nede mo examples, then this our owne realme
To teach vs that misrule, hath bene to extreame
In preasinge so proudly, to noble welfare
As some saye, so boldly, as it were Jack hare

And so, vnder couler, of spare, and beware
To taunt at gods preachers, as muche as they dare
Sayeng, such passe not, by here saye to go
And preach in ther pulpittes, that thus some saye so.

Of some saye, and here say, this well tell I canne
That here say, and some say, the truth now and than
Of such, as both some saye, and here saye, dysdayne
Because that both here saye, and some saye, so playne.

But be it, that some saye, by here say a nusse
And saye not (through here say) the truth as it is
Both it therfore folow, for that thinge fourth brought
That al thinges whyche some say, therfore should be nought.

If it be vnlawfull, by here say to wade
I meruell what Paull ment, to vse the same trade
Who speaking by here say, belyue did the same
Which purgeth (as some saye) the rest from all blame.

But gods worde of one thing, hath cause to reioyse
For that this sharpe taunting, is but misrules voyce
Who beinge accepted, to muche thus I feare
Of right should leaue courtinge, and not remayne there.

But who shall stand douting, when our noble Kynge
Wyth his faythfull counsaill, perceaue shall the thinge
But that they wyll shortly, misrule so represse
That glad shal the good be, to se suche redresse

Finis. Quod Wyllyam Kethe.

Dominus mihi adiutor.

Imprynted at London in Temestrete
by Heugh Syngelton dwellynge
ouergaynst the Stiliardes.